

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

*[radio tuning]*

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip  
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

*[Verse 1]*

Uhh, uhh, uhh  
One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared  
Got us slavin for the welfare  
Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare  
I'm down for guerilla warfare  
All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care  
Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air  
for my brother locked up in the jump for a year  
Shit is real out here don't believe these videos  
This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio  
Really though, DP'z gon' let you know  
It's just a game of pimps and hoes  
And it's all 'bout who you know  
Not who we are, or how we grow  
I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through  
What I been through, not just for no dough  
Even though the rent due, what I'm into aint for no dough  
Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin remains the same  
Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "Bling Bling"

*[HOOK:]*

If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't  
If it aint really real then I probably won't  
Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride  
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die  
Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what  
Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride  
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

*[Verse 2]*

Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue  
Hip hop means teaching the young  
If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm sayin  
cause these fake fake records just keep on playin  
What you sayin huh DP bringin the funk  
Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uhhh!  
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cuz my pants that's tend to sag  
Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag  
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag  
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash  
Revolutionary love til the day we pass

Will they play it on the radio  
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though  
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

*[Verse 3]*

Ay dogg that label is that slave ship  
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves  
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing  
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope  
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk  
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh  
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off  
Drop them raps or cock them gats  
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch  
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich  
'Stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

*[HOOK x2]*

(Ride to this if you miss Tupac, bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)

We keep it crunkah